



THE
Commemorative Wreath:

IN CELEBRATION OF
THE EXTINCTION OF NEGRO SLAVERY

IN THE
BRITISH DOMINIONS.

"'BEAUTY FOR ASHES' IS A GIFT INDEED!

"AND SLAVES BY TRUTH ENLARGED ARE DOUBLY FREED."

COWPER.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this little volume to the public, the Editors feel it needful to offer a brief explanation of the motives which have influenced them, as well as of the object sought by those who have kindly contributed to the publication.

On the memorable day when British Colonial Slavery ceased, the “Peckham Negro’s Friend and Instruction Society” held a special meeting, with a view to “signalizing the day of Negro Emancipation by some act of Christian bene-

volence," and accordingly came to the unanimous resolution of undertaking "the charge of an Adult School, to be established in the island of JAMAICA, under the designation of the 'PECKHAM COMMEMORATIVE ADULT SCHOOL,' hoping that by this means many who have in their bondage been happily brought to 'repent and believe the Gospel' may obtain the benefit and comfort of reading the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The necessary steps were taken to effect this design ; and it is the hope of aiding in the extension of its practical usefulness which has prompted a few individuals, who have long felt deeply interested in the Negro's cause, to collect into a small volume, such poems as may be within their reach, written for the most part in special commemoration of the abolition of

Slavery, and to apply the profit, if any, to the furtherance of the object before described.

And whilst the Editors are aware that in point of style and composition there are many parts that will not bear the test of severe criticism, they also feel persuaded that success is likely to depend on a test of a very different kind, and they are content to appeal to the heart rather than to the head for the support of a cause which to a certain extent involves the diffusion of the blessing of a religious education amongst this hitherto neglected and oppressed class of our fellow-creatures.

With these sentiments, they place the "COMMEMORATIVE WREATH" in the hands of the public, not doubting the extension of that indul-

gence towards it which is due to the productions of pens employed gratuitously in the cause of Charity, and seeking no other reward than the satisfaction of doing good.

It may not be improper to add, that although in two instances the poems now published have already appeared in print, these were circulated for purposes of a local nature, and that it is with the express consent and authority of the writers that they are here offered.

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THE
COMMEMORATIVE WREATH.

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING,
FOR BEHOLDING THE DAY WHEN SLAVERY CEASES THROUGHOUT
THE BRITISH COLONIES.

THINE the praise ! Almighty Father !
Thine the glory ! Son of God !
Holy Spirit ! Thine to gather
To the one Eternal Word.

Blessed union—all subduing,
Hearts of adamant give way
When Thy Grace, the soul imbuing,
Leads in humble faith to pray.

On her seraph wing ascending
 Ardent prayer avails above,
 Mercy, at Heaven's gate attending,
 Bears it to the Throne of Love.

Here Divinity approving
 What Divinity inspired,
 Touched the chain—which, quick removing,
 All opposing hosts retired.

Bless Thy work! O God of Glory,
 Bless it now to all—we pray!
 Raise the anthem—Holy! Holy!
 On this consecrated day.

Bid Thy radiant Love divine
 Chase the moral clouds of night;
 On both white and sable shine,
 Blend all shades in Gospel light.

With Thy HERALD of SALVATION
 Send thy Holy Spirit forth:
 Let it ring through every Nation,
 JESUS hath the victory wrought!

M. D.

FIRST OF AUGUST, M.DCCC.XXXIV.

Now glory to God from the Isles of the Ocean,
 And praise from the uttermost parts of the Earth;
 From bosoms that thrill with triumphant emotion
 Peal forth ye glad songs of thanksgiving and mirth:
 His people's affliction Jehovah hath known,
 And the voice of their crying hath reached to His throne.

Lovely and bright is the sun-beam out breaking
 From thunder-clouds black with the long pending
 storm;
 And sweet the clear note of the sky-lark awaking
 When spring's early breathing was fragrant and
 warm:
 But oh! for the carol that bursts from the Slave
 When *Freedom's* first day-streak dawns over the wave.

The treacherous dealers no more shall oppress thee,
 Thou poor sable victim—thy fetter is broke ;
 The hand of thy Saviour is lifted to bless thee,
 And fix the sweet bond of His spiritual yoke :
 The Lord thy captivity turneth again—
 He hath broken the rod—He hath severed the chain.

And we who in tears have been lab'ring and sowing,
 And prayerfully waiting the tardy increase—
 Oh ! we must press forward, with ecstasy glowing,
 To reap the rich harvest in freedom and peace.
 All glory to God, from the Isles of the West !
 Shout aloud, for the Africans' wrong is redressed
 Glory and praise from the Isles of the Sea,
 Shout, for the *Negro*—the NEGRO is FREE !

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE TRIUMPH.

DELIGHTFUL theme ! with rapture I essay
 Poetic numbers, and the call obey,
 To add one weak, one tributary song
 To swell the pealing strains that float along,
 Heard not on earth alone—but heard above
 Shall be those hymn-notes of fraternal love—
 Shall be those grateful accents that now rise
 From hearts which prove affection's sympathies.
 Welcome thrice happy theme ! how new ! how fair
 Art thou in all thy bearings ! Hope doth bear
 Visions too bright to open all to view ;
 Yet one, at least, this feeble strain shall shew,
 And it the picture of that day shall be
 When the degraded islands of the sea
 Thy stain, O England !—with such rapture heard
 Their Freedom sealed—as freemen's hearts ne'er stirred.
 Yet who can paint the bliss—the bounding joy !
 Seen in the limbs ! heard in the tongue's employ

Of but one Slave—when shouting first—“ I’m free,”
 When feeling first thy charms—O Liberty !
 Think he was one—(how many such have been)—
 Who in its bitterest form had Slavery seen,
 Woe heaped on woe—his hard, his constant lot :
 Chains—lashes—tasks—had made the earth a spot
 Watered by tears—till tears no more could rise,
 His anguish bursting in low groans and sighs :
 What new delight—what transport must he know,
 To feel *at last* there comes an end to woe :
 “ I yet shall live to find some sweets in life,
 “ To know a ceasing from this bosom-strife—
 “ To be a man—to be a Christian too,
 “ And daily toils with grateful heart pursue ;
 “ I yet shall live to bless the Lord who gave
 “ Force to the language—‘ Liberate the Slave ;’
 “ Who nerved the arm—encouraged to the fight,
 “ And darkened minds illumined with his light,—
 “ I yet shall live—delightful thought ! to pray
 “ For those who toiled—for those who led the way—
 “ England !—no longer *slave*—a *freeman* bears
 “ Thee on his heart—thy sons in all his prayers !”
 Such well might be the language of a tongue
 To tune thy praises—*Liberty* ! unstrung ;

Not thine, O England! deep and foul this stain
 Long on thy scutcheon, blushing shall remain—
Not thine, O England! far too long deferred
 Has been the right—Oh! that the precious word
 In years gone by had those poor wanderers taught,
 How long ere this had they to Christ been brought;
 How many a wounded—many an aching breast
 Had known the solace of the Christian's rest—
 Had known in trouble what a sweet relief
 Leaning on JESUS yields to every grief:—
 But not too much should we lament time gone,
 Christian! enough remains—time hastens on;
 Now that the body's free—care for the soul,
 And strive to make the sick and wounded *whole*;
 Thousands of Slaves remain—the slaves of sin,
 And many a Negro's heart is as his skin:
 If thou hast felt the blackness of thine own,
 His claim to fellowship thou'lt not disown,
 Nor deem the hour for triumph *fully* thine
 Till Gospel light in every bosom shine.

T. L. L.

9th Mo, 2nd, 1834.

ODE TO BRITAIN,

ON THE EXTINCTION OF COLONIAL SLAVERY,
AUGUST THE FIRST, M.DCCC.XXXIV.

HAIL Britain, hail ! thy glorious deeds are known,
Thy science, commerce, empire, spread thy fame ;
All nations thee, their benefactress own,—
Their sons of sorrow thy good works proclaim !

Thy riches vast, derived from every clime,
Supplied from every people, every shore ;
Nor least by western isles, through lengthen'd time
Their sweets, and gems, and gold augment thy store.

But Justice, Truth, Religion, how betrayed !
By Christian Britain ! with an iron rod
Enslaving thousands, while her boast she made
Of blood-bought freedom,—thus insulting God.

Sad sons of Afric ! injured Negro race !

Allured, enchained, and sold for brutal toil !
 Their blood in mortal labours, seals disgrace
 On Britain ! asking vengeance on our Isle.

Israel in Egypt, once in slavery bound,

While Israel's God was mindful of their groans,
 By cries to Heaven, a strong Avenger found
 Who hurled the impious tyrants from their thrones.

Britain ! was Egypt guilty more than thou ?

Was she enriched with favours more from God ?
 Had she more light divine than thou hast now ?
 That she was crushed beneath th' Almighty's rod.

Egypt was spoiled through judgments wise and just :

Her harvest—first-born—monarch—army—slain !
 Her strength and glory humbled to the dust,
 No more to rise to power supreme again !

Great Babylon, majestic, pompous, proud,

Enslaved the nations,—Judah was her prey !
 But Nebo, Bel, her Gods, and kings, and crowd,
 Fell at Jehovah's stroke, on His dread day.

The prayer of righteous Daniel pierced the skies,
 Availed with God, and brought His anger down :
 His people found new favour in His eyes ;
 Their tyrants perished at His mighty frown.

“ Cyrus, my shepherd, my decrees fulfil,
 “ Let go my captives freely, without price ;
 “ They shall return to Zion’s holy hill,
 “ Rebuild my Fane, and in my laws rejoice. *

Magnificence in Babel’s lofty towers,
 As God decreed, has perished from the earth ;
 Her desolations ! what could human powers !
 Now lessons give to those of noble birth.

Why was not guilty Britain swept from earth ?
 Her crimes, oppressions, and the *trade of souls* !
 Deeds marked with blood of millions deserv’d wrath,
 The vengeance of incensed, Almighty God !

As Lot in Sodom—righteous men in thee,
 By prayer effectual turned that wrath away ;
 With heaven-born zeal to set the oppressed free,
 They fought with impious avarice day by day.

* Isaiah, chap. 44, ver. 28 ; chap. 45, ver. 1, 4, 13.

Blinded in mind by mammon—love of gold
 Hardened th' oppressors' hearts, while they would boast
Of property in man!—they bought and sold,
 And leagued with darkness, lest it should be lost.

Philanthropy, baptized with truth divine,
 Wept for the various miseries endured
 By slaves, from christened Britons who should shine
 Worthy their country's honour far assured.

A mighty host the law of Christ proclaimed :
 The Rulers heard, and bowed to the decree :
 Patrons of tyranny shall not be named,
 The Senate cried—"the NEGROES MUST BE FREE!"*

Hail Britain, hail! the jubilee make known ;
 Now tell the injured Negroes, *they are men!*
 While they with gladness thy late justice own,
 Their prayers shall rise for thy long prosperous reign.

* Alluding to the extraordinary Meeting in Exeter Hall, (April 18, 1833) of Delegates from every part of the United Kingdom—gentlemen of different religious denominations, from the chief towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland—THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE assembled,—unanimously declaring, 'Slavery shall cease in the British Dominions.' On the

Hail men of God ! your jubilee proclaim !

Your injured brethren, bless with truth divine !
 Make them to know your great Redeemer's name,
 And in His praise with heart and tongue to join.

Spirit of Grace and Truth ! Thy light afford,
 To bless our Country, Colonies, and King ;
 Let Justice—Virtue—Peace—with one accord
 Adorn our age and nation, whilst we sing

“ Glory eternal be ascribed to God !

“ To Him the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

“ We are baptized : His praise be spread abroad,

“ Friend of the friendless—our immortal boast !

“ Awake Almighty Arm ! break every yoke,

“ Bring every soul to our Messiah, King ;

“ Let earth be blessed—as Thy own prophets spoke,

“ And all mankind Thy worthy praises sing ! ”

THOMAS TIMPSON.

Lewisham, August, 1834.

following morning, they carried their Memorial, to this effect, to the house of Earl Grey, presented it to Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley ; by which act the seal was virtually set upon Negro Emancipation !

A HYMN.

BEND in spirit—bend the knee,
 All that is within me bend.
 Lord of Life and Liberty,
 On this day thy blessing send.

Lo ! the flag of FREEDOM waves,
 (Not to us the glory be)
 And this Sun that rose on SLAVES
 Sets in peace on SLAVES MADE FREE !

Tardy though the offering be,
 Long and wickedly delayed ;
 Mercy dwells—O God ! with Thee,
 Since oppression's course is stayed.

In a Saviour's Name imploring,
 We this day that mercy crave,
 And with shame our crime abhorring,
 Abrogate the name of SLAVE !

Conscious of the hateful stain
 That so long hath marked our land ;
 May our prayers acceptance gain,
 For forgiveness at Thy hand !

May we now, upheld by Thee,
 That momentous work begin,
 Which shall set these captives free
 From the harder bond of sin.

Erst when guilty man rebelling
 In Thy wrath was swept away,
 Thou didst, from Thy holy dwelling,
 View his lost estate, and say

That Thy bow a sign should be,
 Radiant in Thy cloud above,
 Of Thy grace and clemency—
 Of Thy covenant of love.

Thus, O God ! may this day's Sun
 Through the mists of error shine ;
 And the work of Mercy done—
 Bear to Heaven the beauteous sign !

R. Y.

LINES TO ACCOMPANY THE BIBLE.

LOVELY herald, go and tell
The Negro how his shackles fell—
It was because we learn from thee
The sacred laws of liberty.

Bid him not with laurel bough
Entwine Britannia's peaceful brow,
The sacred boon her head would crave
Were heavenly freedom for the Slave.

The greenest leaf, the brightest gem,
She asks not for her diadem ;
With holy love she learned from thee ;
Her bosom burned to make him free.

Ah ! teach him though the fett'ring chain
Be burst, and Slavery's powers be slain,
The loveliest, sweetest liberty
Is such as he may learn from thee.

'Tis joy supreme, 'tis freedom's soul,
That seeks, that feels thy sweet controul :
Oh that were never liberty
That was not such as taught by thee.

S. A.

ON NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

EIGHTH MONTH, 1st, 1834.

OF all the regions of the earth,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 From pole to pole, and zone to zone,
 The land of Liberty's my own :
 Yes, Britain ! who can boast like thee
 Of all that's good, and wise, and free ?
 The growth of many a vanished year,
 Of struggles bloody, deep, severe ;
 Thy ardent sons could never brook
 Beneath a tyrant's yoke to stoop ;
 But, like the noble steed, subdued
 If kindly measures be pursued,
 By gentle, generous usage trained,
 He bears the curb he once disdained.

Oppression to a Briton's ear
 Inflicts a sting too keen to bear ;

Whene'er oppression meets his eye,
 Aroused is all his sympathy.
 When men of wealth that wealth misuse,
 The poor—the wretched to abuse—
 When laws which should protect the weak,
 And promptly grant the rights they seek,
 Subverted from their proper aim,
 Are made the instruments of gain—
 His blood will boil—his choler glow,
 And frowns contract his manly brow;
 He mutters vengeance on the hand
 That dares his fellows' rights withstand.
 "All men are born by nature—free,
 "All rightful heirs to liberty!
 "Where'er his home he is our brother
 "In spite of language, caste, or colour,
 "And should enjoy, unshackled—free,
 "The grateful sweets of Liberty!"

This theme has been our boast—our song;
 Of Liberty we've vapoured long;
 The rights of man wherever found
 (Except on injured Afric's ground)

Have been a theme for old and young,
 By sages said, and poets sung,
 Till plaudits through our isle have rung.
 Mistaken land ! thy boast was vain
 Whilst thine escutcheon bore the stain
 Of Slavery that, to thy disgrace,
 Polluted long its tarnished face ;
 That people never can be free
 Whose laws connive at Slavery,
 Or, who in bonds their fellows hold
 For sordid love of paltry gold.

But England—conscious England now
 Has washed this stain from off her brow ;
 Snapped are the cords and broke the chain
 That bound the Negro race to pain :
 TO-DAY—TO-DAY, ALL—ALL ARE FREE,
 And sing the song of Liberty.
 No more shall they in bondage toil,
 No more this curse be on the soil.
 Justice at length asserts her sway,
 On Britain dawns a brighter day —

And *this* a glorious day shall be
In the bright page of history ;
Posterity this reign shall praise,
And poets sing these halcyon days :
SHARP, WILBERFORCE, and BUXTON too,
Who sternly fought the battle through,
With all who aided in the cause,
Shall reap their tribute of applause ;
And Britain to the world shall be
An *Emblem* of true *Liberty* !

G. B. K.

FREEDOM'S FIRST SABBATH.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, August 3, 1834.

THE curtains of evening were softly descending,
 And the red Sun was sinking behind the far wave,
 When hard by his cottage door, gratefully bending,
 I fancied a father, who *once* was a SLAVE!

Long toil and much sorrow his vigour had wasted,
 And marked his dark brow with dejection and care;
 But now all the wrongs and the stripes he had tasted,
 This SABBATH OF FREEDOM seemed sent to repair.

Around him were those who had shared his oppressions,
 His wife and his little ones sobbing with joy;
 No hand might now scatter these sacred possessions,
 No tyrant the peace of his bosom destroy.

In accents evincing a heart touched with gladness,
 This humble believer his prayer preferred ;
 He thanked “ de Almighty ” for changing his sadness :
 Blush ! Christian, and say why that change so deferred.

He prayed “ dat his massa might have no such trouble
 “ Like poor Negro feel from de whip and de chain,
 “ Or when cruel overseer make de task double,
 “ Or flog his poor Bessy, most dead wid de pain.”

This precept some plain scripture lesson had taught him,
 And grace had its moral thus aptly applied ;
 More faint were his views of that Saviour who bought
 him—

The just for the unjust—for sinners who died.

Not yet had the ray of Divine Revelation
 Shewed *him* that Redemption, which Angels adore,
 Enough for *his* purpose, his means of Salvation :
 Shame on his oppressors ! so scanty his store.

Now ended this season of simple devotion,
 Whilst the newness of Freedom shed sweetness
 around,
 Expanded each bosom with grateful emotion,
 At thoughts of that Triumph which Heaven had thus
 owned.

God prosper thee, Sambo ! His grace thy protection ;
 May thy children now learn in that grace to confide ;
 The truths of the BIBLE their simple direction,
 The voice of the Spirit their guardian and guide.

The dark Ethiopian no skill shall ere whiten ;
 No art shall the spots of the leopard erase :
 But the GOSPEL of JESUS thy darkness can brighten
 All thy blemishes heal by the power of His grace.

Thy Sabbaths neglected and broken, no longer
 Must mark thy degraded condition with shame ;
 But the Power of Religion grow stronger and stronger,
 Till thy long smothered Incense shall burst into flame !

R. Y.

SLAVERY THAT WAS.

AGES, ages have departed,
 Since the first dark vessel bore
 Afric's children, broken-hearted,
 To the Caribbean shore ;
 She, like Rachel,
 Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd,
 In the fight, and on the deep ;
 Millions, millions more have water'd,
 With such tears as captives weep,
 Fields of travail,
 Where their bones till judgment sleep.

Mercy, Mercy vainly pleading,
 Rent her garments, smote her breast :
 Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
 Gladden'd all the gloomy west,
 "Come, ye weary,
 "Come, and I will give you rest."

Satan, Satan heard and trembled,
 And upstarting from his throne,
 Bands of Belial's sons assembled,
 Fired with rancour all his own,
 Madly swearing,
 " Christ to Slaves shall not be known."

Things, tidings of Salvation !
 Britain rose with one accord,
 Purged the plague-spot from our nation,
 Negroes to their rights restored,
 Slaves no longer,
 FREE-MEN—FREE-MEN of the LORD !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY THAT IS NOT.

God made all His creatures free,
 Life itself is Liberty ;
 God ordained no other bands,
 Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the eternal charter broke—
 Sin—itself, earth's heaviest yoke—
 Tyranny with sin began,
 Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

Pass five thousand Pagan years,
 Of creation's groans and tears—
 To oppression's climax come,
 To the crimes of Christendom.

What were these ? Let Afric's sands—
 Ocean's depths—West Indian strands—
 In the day of wrath declare :
 Oh ! the mercy that *they were*,

For they are not—cannot *be* ;
Life again is Liberty ;
And the Negro's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-link'd hands.

So the plague of Slavery cease !
So return primeval peace !
While the ransomed tribes record
All the goodness of the Lord !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

For August 1, 1834.

THE NEGRO MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

AWAKE my loved sleeper ! and pour the warm prayer,
 Implore the Almighty Jehovah to bless
 The bold sons of FREEDOM, who nobly could spare
 A thought for the Slave in his home of distress.

Poor child of oppression ! no more thine awaking
 Shall renew the past scenes of affliction and sorrow ;
 The Sun in his glory—the Eastern clouds breaking,
 Shall hail thee a blest son of FREEDOM to-morrow.

No more shall the voice which my heart loves to hear,
 Be raised in complaint, repining, and sadness ;
 And the eye that was downcast with anguish and fear
 Shalt thou now lift to Heaven with the beaming of
 gladness.

Exult my loved child ! let the hymn of devotion
 Be offered to God, who our groaning has heard ;
 And next in thy praise be the Queen of the Ocean,
 Who this measure of justice at length has conferred.

Now raised to the rank of a Christian and brother,
 The scourge of the tyrant remembered no more ;
 Oh join with thy grateful and now happy mother
 The Name of thy Saviour and Lord to adore.

May the Book of His Word be the bond to unite us
 To those who bestowed, “ without money or price,”
 Who heed not the skin, but now frankly invite us
 To seek for ourselves a bright home in the skies.

L.

7th Mo. 31st, 1834.

But guilty man his brother bound—

Oh ! darkest stain on British ground,

Oh ! frightful source of woe !

But now that stain is washed away,

And British hearts with gladness pay

The debt they justly owe.

Oh ! 'tis not sympathy alone,

Nor is it joy that can atone

For the poor Negro's wrongs :

To us a nobler part's assigned—

The culture of the immortal mind,

Whilst power to God belongs—

Then welcome—welcome *Liberty* !

That sets the bonds of Slavery

For ever—ever free :

And may the captive soul be found

Expanding, till on Heavenly ground

It gains *true LIBERTY* !

J. B.

ADDRESS
 OF A DYING NEGRO TO HER HUSBAND,
 ON THE EVENING OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST,
 M.DCCC.XXXIV.

FAREWELL my faithful Sambo! shed not thy tears for
 me,

The day that breaks thy earthly bonds shall set my
 spirit free :

In peace I contemplate the grave,
 Since thou art now no more a SLAVE !

Long have we borne together the burden of the day,
 The heat, the toil, the weariness, the anguish of the
 way:

Soon shall my portion be the grave,
 And thou no longer be a Slave !

We once were sunk in darkness, thick as Egyptian
night—

Cursing the day of sorrow when first we saw the
light:

Unknown His Name who came to save,
And promised rest beyond the grave.

But when we heard of Heaven, that grief, and tears,
and care

For ever thence were banished—I wished my home
was there :

Still—still I could not meet the grave
With joy, and leave thee yet a Slave !

‘The Minister’ glad tidings at length o’er Ocean
brought—

Told of the love of JESUS,—of peace and pardon
bought

By Him who came lost man to save—

The WHITE, the BLACK—the FREE, the SLAVE !

These, these sweet sounds how welcome ! chasing our
dark despair—

Raising our heads with gladness, whilst strains of
praise and prayer

Rose from these hearts to God who gave
His Son, who triumphed o'er the grave !

Now happier far the prospect—one with that chosen
band,

Whose hearts the Lord hath softened, in this benighted
land,

I fear not e'en death's severing wave—
Redeemed by Him who died to save.

Farewell my faithful Sambo ! shed not thy tears for
me—

The day which breaks thy earthly bonds shall set my
spirit free :

In peace I contemplate the grave,
Nor sorrowing leave thee still a SLAVE !

MARY.

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

THE voice of Mercy, long restrained,
 Bids Afric's sable sons rejoice ;
 And suffering thousands, now unchained,
 Echo the sound of Mercy's voice—
 The glorious song of Jubilee
 Resounds from captives now made free.

Let British hearts and voices raise
 The joyful hymn, the humble prayer ;
 Bring honour, love, thanksgiving, praise,
 To Him who makes the Slave his care :
 The glorious song of Jubilee,
 For captive islands now made free.

Now safe beneath the palm tree's shade,
 Behold the sons of freedom rest !
 At eve no fearful sounds invade,
 The morning comes in smiling vest :
 Raise high the song of Jubilee—
 At Mercy's voice the Slave is free.

No more the grievous lash rebounds,
 In peace he tills the fertile soil,
 He sows and reaps the fruitful grounds,
 And tastes the sweet reward of toil :
 Whilst the glad song of Jubilee
 Delights the isles beyond the sea.

Whose hand the mighty work hath wrought?—
 Salvation to our God belongs !
 His arm hath this deliverance brought—
 'Tis HE redresses Afric's wrongs !
 Resound the song of Jubilee—
 Let Afric's children ALL be free !

And let the Gospel light be shed
 O'er all the islands !—East and West !
 And let the Gospel sound be spread,
 And every heart with truth be blessed !
 Raise high the song of Jubilee,
 JEHOVAH bids the SLAVE be free !

H. Y.

A SLAVE ON THE PASSING OF THE
EMANCIPATION BILL.

REJOICE, Rejoice, the night is past,
When Slavery bound us with her chain ;
Freedom's bright day hath dawned at last,
Ne'er may her loved beams set again !

The Hand that formed us, made us free,
Shall brothers then forge links to bind ?
Can they unmoved the misery see
The darkness of the free-born mind ?

No ! there are some, who yet can feel,
And strive to lessen others' pain ;
By them the suffering Slaves' appeal
Was heard—nor was it heard in vain.

Our bonds are burst ! Rejoice ! rejoice !
All shackles now away are thrown :
Ask you whence comes the powerful voice
That stamps us free ? 'Tis BRITAIN'S OWN.

SONG FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

TUNE—"Sound the loud Timbrel."

SOUND the loud anthem o'er Caribbee's sea,
 Lo ! Freedom has triumphed—the Negro is free ;
 Sing ye loud praises ! Jehovah hath spoken—
 Send the glad tidings afar o'er the wave—
 Now shall the chain of the Negro be broken,
 Liberty dawn on the night of the Slave :
 Sound the loud anthem o'er Caribbee's sea,
 Lo ! Freedom hath triumphed, the Negro is free !

Join your glad voices in praise to the Lord,
 Who hath rended asunder the chain by *His Word* ;
 Send you to African vallies the story,
 That her sons are redeemed, and that Britain with
 pride
 Now hails them as brothers, as co-heirs of glory,
 In the *Christian battle* to fight side by side :
 Sound the loud anthem o'er Caribbee's sea,
 Lo ! Freedom hath triumphed, the Negro is free !

“ HIS GOING FORTH IS PREPARED AS THE MORNING, AND
HE SHALL COME TO US AS THE RAIN—AS THE LATTER
RAIN WHICH WATERETH THE EARTH.”

HOSEA. VI. 3.

WHEN from the bosom of the night

The ruby morn awakes,

Beam after beam of growing light

Across the darkness breaks :

Bright, beauteous heralds who forerun,

The Chariot of the glorious Sun.

And can we not to day perceive

Signs that that morning springs,

When Truth and Righteousness shall weave

The web of human things ;

And streams of pure celestial Light

Gladden the realms of former night.

For many now run to and fro,
 And knowledge is increased,
 The Gospel waters widely flow ;
 And ah !—That curse hath ceased—
 That bitter wrong—our Nation's stain,
 The Slave's excruciating chain !

Celestial Conqueror appear,
 Assume Thy glorious reign ;
 Spread Thy victorious banner here,
 And ne'er depart again :
 One fold—one Shepherd, may there be.
 All climes, all colours—one in THEE !

JAMES EDMESTON.

A HYMN.

LORD ! Thou canst turn the hearts of men,
And set the sorrowing captive free ;
Oh ! break that heavy—cruel chain
That keeps the sinner far from Thee !

On British ground is heard no more
The cry of helpless misery ;
The Black—the White—now met—implore
For Grace that leads the soul to Thee !

We sing of Freedom to the Slave,
And hail this day of Liberty ;
Still more should we that Freedom crave
Which reconciles the soul to Thee !

Of all Thy blessings, most we pray
A change of heart—from sin set free,
That so may dawn that perfect day
When every tongue shall honour Thee !

When the dark reign of Sin shall cease,
Primeval happiness restored—
One family the human race—
One faith—one creed—one Saviour-Lord!

Hasten, O God! this glorious hour,
O'er Death and Sin the victory!
Within our hearts exalt Thy power,
And make them "Temples worthy Thee!"

Y.

1st August, 1834.

ON THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARIES
TO THE WEST INDIES.

“GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL
TO EVERY CREATURE.”—MARK XVI. 15.

Go! thus of old the Saviour said,
When first His Messengers were sent
To a dark world for which He bled—
For which His Life of Love was spent.

And now, when ages o’er the world
Have spread that knowledge far and wide,
His banner still remains unfurled,
With holy warriors at its side,

Fulfilling yet in every land
The mission of their Heavenly Lord;
Who still proclaims the same command—
“To every Nation preach the word.”

And have not Afric's sons a claim
 (So long benighted and opprest)
 To knowledge of the Light that came
 To give the weary captive rest?

Can country—climate—race or kin,
 A duskier hue—or darker shade,
 Alter the wondrous soul within—
 “The breath of Life”—eternal made?

No! Life for all—the free—the slave,
 That comprehensive Love contains:
 Go! Mercy calls you o'er the wave,
 And points to worse than human chains.

Freedom hath done what man may do
 For those so long in slavery led:
 A nobler triumph waits for you,
 The FREEDOM of the SOUL to spread!

E. F. JUN.

“ ALL NATIONS WHOM THOU HAST MADE SHALL COME
AND WORSHIP BEFORE THEE, O LORD ! ”

O Thou Almighty Father—only wise,
Whose glory fills the earth and gilds the skies,
Who spake—and lo ! at thy supreme command
Rude Chaos rose a beauteous, blooming land ;
Say, didst Thou not in perfect love ordain
That Man—the Monarch in creation’s chain—
Should live to show thy glory—and should be
From guilt redeemed—from sin’s dominion free.
Lord ! Thou beholdest all things, and dost know
That disobedience fills our world with woe ;
That mental darkness, ignorance and pain
Spread their thick mantle o’er earth’s fair domain,
And where Thy bounteous gifts are richly strewn
Thy creature bows the knee to wood and stone.
Oh ! the calm loveliness of those fair isles
O’er which luxuriant Nature ever smiles ;
Yet here alas ! where Plenty ceaseless reigns
Man held his brother man in servile chains.

Long time the suffering Negro was oppressed—
 Long time he sunk beneath his yoke distressed—
 He feebly prayed for ease :—Oh ! then Thine ear
 In Mercy listened to his broken prayer ;
 The clouds of Pride and Error rolled away
 And Mercy's beam illumed the glorious day,
 A voice proclaimed across th' astonished sea
 To Western India—“ *All thy sons are free !* ”

Father, we thank Thee ! and would humbly pray
 That this bright era prove a cloudless day,
 In which Thy sable children may secure
 A Freedom that for ever shall endure—
 A Freedom which Thy Son alone can give
 Who broke the bonds of Death and bade us live !
 And oh ! prepare the Negro's heart to raise
 A tribute to his great Redeemer's praise.
 The truth is written in the Christian's breast
 Which Thou hast filled with peace and holy rest,
 That Thou art Love !—an everlasting Friend
 On whose rich Mercy all our hopes depend.
 Oh ! may the volume of eternal Truth—
 The staff of age—the guide of wandering youth—

Spread its "glad tidings" far as pole from pole,
 And teach Thy Gospel to each weary soul :
 May the poor Negro own Thy righteous sway,
 Thy power to turn his darkness into day,
 And read with humble heart and earnest eye,
 Breathing to Mercy's ear the contrite sigh :—
 Grant, gracious Lord ! that all our strifes may cease,
 And every Nation own Thee "Prince of Peace"—
 That far away our idols may be thrown
 Whilst bound in Love we worship at Thy throne :
 That Gentile, Jew, and Pagan from afar
 Hail the bright radiance of the "Morning Star"—
 The voice of Praise resound from sea to sea—
 Glory to Him whose mercy makes us *free* !

B.

SONG FOR THE NEGROES' DAY OF JUBILEE,

FIRST OF AUGUST, M.DCCC.XXXIV.

HEAR you not those shouts ascending

From the isles beyond the sea ?

Hark ! the Negroes' chains are rending,

Britain sets her captives free :

Sing the death of Slavery,

Britain sets the Negro free !

Now no Negro Mother weeping,

From her babe is doomed to part,

She may watch her darling sleeping,

With a glad and thankful heart :

Sing the death of Slavery,

Negro children now are free !

Love maternal beaming stronger,

From her bright and speaking eye,

Dreading whips and chains no longer,

Even her tears, are tears of joy :

Sing the death of Slavery,

Negro Mothers now are free !

Now, their liberty possessing,

Negro Fathers bow the knee

To the God who gives each blessing,

God who gives them liberty :

Sing the death of Slavery,

Negro Fathers now are free !

Come then let us raise our voices,

Let us join in songs of praise,

While each Negro heart rejoices,

While each Christian Negro prays,

That to crown his liberty

CHRIST would make him *truly free* !

S. D.

ADDRESS OF THE SLAVES OF COLUMBIA TO
BOLIVAR ON THEIR LIBERATION FROM
BONDAGE.*

BLESSINGS on thee! Chief Protector!
Gallant General—Wise Director!
Blessings on thee—Liberator!
Heroic BOLIVAR!

Thou hast burst our bonds asunder—
To the world a lasting wonder—
With the voice of Freedom's Thunder,
Spoke our BOLIVAR.

Wise in council—brave in war!
Brightly beams thy Morning Star—
Far its ray shall reach—and far
The name of BOLIVAR.

* When Bolivar was appointed Protector of Columbia, one of the first acts of his Government was, (to his eternal honour be it spoken) the liberation of the whole Slave Population of the State.

Chief renowned ! thou deem'st that we
 Have a common right with thee
 To the sweets of LIBERTY.

Noble BOLIVAR !

Fame thy Cenotaph shall raise,
 Statesmen imitate thy ways—
 Ages yet to come shall praise

And envy BOLIVAR !

Laurels round thy brow shall press thee,
 SLAVES in every clime shall bless thee,
 FREEMEN o'er the world confess thee,

THEIR OWN BOLIVAR !

G. B. K.

“O FREEDOM! FIRST DELIGHT OF HUMAN KIND!”

DRYDEN.

LIBERTY! too swift for language
 Flow the thoughts on that sweet word;
 Now no more in tears of anguish
 Shall the SLAVE his griefs record.
 Long our chain remained unbroken
 By the torturing scourge accurst;
 But the God of Heaven hath spoken,
 At His word our fetters burst.

Let the melody of gladness
 Sound, O Afric! through thy shores;
 Drop the sombre garb of sadness,
 Joys bright mantle now is ours.
 Join ye spirits of my fathers
 Who have reached your blest abode,
 With the hearts which FREEDOM gathers,
 In one Hymn of Praise to God.

Ere the Sun had twilight broke
 On this welcome, joyous day,
 Thus methought a spirit spoke
 Whilst in slumbering mood I lay ;
 He who told the grateful story,
 Pity in his bosom glowed,
 Round his brow a wreath of glory,
 Thus his gladdening accents flowed—

“ Hear a Messenger from Heaven !
 “ Charged to usher in the birth
 “ Of that LIBERTY now given
 “ To the sable sons of Earth ;
 “ SLAVES and FREE—the mandate hear,
 “ Join the universal song,
 “ Hosts of heavenly spirits near,
 “ Strains of Praise and Prayer prolong.

“ Fast the veil of night is rending,
 “ Bondage now departs for ever,
 “ MERCY with this dawn is blending,
 “ JUSTICE now the chain doth sever.

" Leave thy couch—no more of sorrow !
 " Rise ! this hallowed era see ;
 " Haste to hail this wished-for morrow—
 " Son of Bondage—**THOU ART FREE !**"

On the wings of Morn departing,
 Rose the Spirit from my sight,
 Through the vault of Ether darting,
 Heaven-ward vanished into light :
 It was he who had expended
 His best days in **FREEDOM**'s cause,
 And with ceaseless zeal defended
SLAVES amidst Oppression's Laws.

Through long years of fierce contending,
 He, the foremost in the breach,
 Pleaded **MERCY**'s reign extending
 Far as Ocean's waters reach.
 Rest in peace—thou noble Spirit !
 All thy conflicts now are o'er,
 By a gracious Saviour's merit,
 Thou hast gained a happier shore.

Whilst thy mortal vest was rending,
 And thy Lamp of Life sunk low,
 Britain's Lawgivers were bending*
 To the TRUTH's resistless flow.
 For the glorious consummation,
 Praise and thanks from all be given ;
 Bow in grateful adoration
 To HIS NAME who rules in HEAVEN !

L.

1st August, 1834.

* The coincidence here noticed was at once interesting and remarkable : the death of the inestimable WILBERFORCE and the decision of the British Legislature in favour of the important measure of Emancipation were very nearly simultaneous events.

AND THE CHIEF CAPTAIN ANSWERED, WITH A GREAT
 SUM OBTAINED I THIS FREEDOM—AND PAUL SAID,
 BUT I WAS FREE BORN.—ACTS, XXII. 28.

HAIL ! chief of earthly blessings—LIBERTY !
 Bereft of thee—what are we ?—all we have,
 And all we hope to reap from thy benign
 And brightening influence, its best value gains,
 Like the Sun's all-pervading beams on Earth,
 Cheering, enlivening—animating all ;
 Thee lost—extinguished is the Light of Life—
 A moral night ensues—gloomy and dark
 Our very blessings—sad, forlorn reverse !
 Transform to curses, and increase the mass
 Of doleful misery—till ev'n life itself,
 God's prime and precious gift, becomes our bane ;
 And death a welcome refuge from distress.
 From such calamity, kind Heaven, protect
 The creatures Thou hast made—Let prayer and praise,
 Reverent thanksgiving to Almighty God,
 From grateful hearts ascend—that this blest land

From Slavery's taint is freed.—Long time has passed
 Since first our English soil with magic touch,
 Ithuriel-like, transmuted Bond to Free—
 The fetters from the wretch's limbs drop off;
 And he, who erst by fell Oppression's yoke
 Bent down enslaved—now lifts his head in hope,
 And feels himself a MAN! Blest privilege!
 Nay—rather say—*unalienable right*!
 Which every son of Earth may justly claim;
 No less the native of the torrid zone
 Of darkest hue—than they who dwell beneath
 More temperate skies, and every shade between—
 This sacred right—alike possessed by all,
 By lawless force or fraud alone withheld.
 In our blest isle where LIBERTY presides
 Is heard no clank of Slavery's hateful chain,
 The Subject's Freedom is right well secured
 With jealous care—fenced round with numerous laws,
 Protective equally to high and low,
 The Peasant and the Prince—whilst, Argus-eyed
 And many-voiced—the free unshackled PRESS
 Maintains the Watchman's part, and sounds the alarm,
 As with ten thousand trumpets through the Land,
 Should Tyranny presume his head to rear,

And lift his hand our liberties to wrest.
 Such are our times—but 'twas not always thus—
 FREEDOM's a plant of gradual growth—the blood
 And tears of Martyr's form its aliment.
 Much should we seek in these eventful times
 With grateful contemplation to revert
 To the past labours of those Christian men—
 Heroic Patriots ! more deserved the name
 Than those the page of history most loves
 To emblazon—mighty conquerors—who o'er
 The prostrate Nations roll the tide of war,
 Reckless of all the Misery they bring—
 So Fame's obstreperous trumpet sound their names
 From end to end of a subjected world.
 The Muse rejects them as her theme for song,
 And turns to trace their labours who have toiled
 Through good report and ill, in FREEDOM's cause ;
 Perplexed and dangerous their course, yet they
 Midst many doubts, discouragements, and fears,
 Right onward held, undaunted, undismayed,
 And fearlessly maintained the righteous cause
 In adverse times—hopeless themselves to taste
 Aught but contempt, and calumny, and scorn,
 And persecution, well nigh unto death ;

Yet gifted with sagacity to see
 Through the long vista of the coming time,
 That these their sacrifices were not vain.
 Let us then who enjoy sweet Liberty—
 Inestimable gift—beyond all price !
 Thus painfully achieved and handed down,
 Do honour to the labourers in that field
 Where we securely reap—be their names held
 Long in remembrance, and their memory
 With richest blessing crowned—with jealous care
 Their bright bequest be guarded—let us ne'er
 Cease to remember that if justly we
 May boast ourselves *free-born*, 'tis to the price,
 The precious price—that those illustrious men
 Have paid, we owe this birthright—It may be
 From their high heavenly homes they now look down
 Approving, to perceive that Britain's sons
 In furtherance of the God-like principle
 They in their day so dauntlessly upheld,
 At length have loosened AFRIC's heavy chains,
 And set the Captive free, where Britain's sceptre reigns.

I HAVE heard people, whose practical knowledge ought to have taught them better, assert, that the Negro is inferior to the white man, not only in intellectual power, but in moral worth.—The following circumstance occurred in September, 1828.—A vessel from Bermuda was wrecked on the shores of Britain; a number of slaves being among the crew, the local Magistrate sent for them to tell them they were free the moment they landed on English ground, offering them at the same time employment if they would remain; but the whole of them, with the exception of two lads of about eighteen, replied, under the impulse of some of the finest feelings of human nature, that they had wives and families in the West Indies, and that they would rather go back and share slavery with them than be free here without them.

You tell us we are free when we touch your land,
 And we know the weight of the Negro's chain;
 But we left behind us a darling band,
 And for them we will put on our fetters again.

At home is the circle we love the best,
 The wives of our bosoms, the babes of their hearts—
 And we choose our own slave-holden huts in the West
 Before the free land which the wide sea parts.—

For how could we bear to be free alone ?

How could we forget and be happy here ?

Ah ! often in thought would the distant moan

Of a widow or orphan come over the ear.

We know not a link of our fetters remains,

We know it, and thank you that we are free ;

But fetters there are far stronger than chains,

And RICHES *far dearer than* LIBERTY !

JAMES EDMESTON.

A BRITISH ODE.

I GAZED o'er Afric, and the Isles
That slumber on the Atlantic deep ;
In hopeless sorrow viewed the toils
At which their suffering millions weep,
And deemed that Death e'er long would claim
Those tears of blood, those sighs of shame,

And man's lament, and woman's wail,
Above the slumbering islands rose ;
For many a dark and torturing vale
Each tongue could tell, each limb disclose :
And vengeance fired my breast, for ne'er
Wreaked man on man such wrongs as there.

Again I gazed ; and there was one

Who watched the struggling day expire,
His eye pursued the sinking sun

Which fringed the western wave with fire,
And o'er the deepening billows brought,
His soul the fierce reflection caught.

“ Oh Friends ! our race the oppressors spurn,

“ They call us Slaves, and Sons of Slaves,

“ But bid farewell to fear, and learn

“ If Right has power, or Ocean graves ;

“ This Head, this Heart, this hand shall be

“ Employed henceforth to set you free.”

Day closed, and many a savage scene

Yon circling orb has since surveyed ;
And many a sable corpse has been,

Unmourned, in earth and ocean laid ;
But not their Haytian Chief—for hate
Had doomed him to a darker fate :

For Gallic fetters round him clung,
 And Gallic dungeons tomb'd his head ;
 But freedom oft his requiem sung,
 And ranked him with her Patriot dead :
 Not all in vain—her heavenly smile
 Had cheered at length his beauteous Isle.

And since has many a warrior given
 His heart's best blood for liberty,
 And many a wretch to madness driven
 Has fought ; but fought alas ! to die :
 They fell, to graves unknown consigned,
 And left not e'en a trace behind.

Once more my glance o'er Afric ranged,
 But heaven had heard her deep distress,
 And bonds, and blows, and blood, were changed
 For FREEDOM'S Song and Love's caress :
 BRITANNIA'S Powers had late decreed
 Their loveliest, loftiest, holiest deed.

For links that slavery long had knit

O'er shores which crown the Western main,
At Albion's word were riven—'twas fit

The spell that bound, should burst the chain :
For free-born minds no more would bear
The negro's cry, and crimsoned tear.

And blest be those who thus could feel,
And sanction Mercy's power divine ;
Confirm her mandate with their seal,

And speed it o'er the exulting brine :
And praised be Thou their God ; for all
Unheld by Thee must surely fall.

But this shall stand ; The Eternal Voice
Which spake of old, and it was done,
Hath bid the franchised slave rejoice,

And blest his bloodless victory won—
For SLAVERY's reign of crime is o'er,
Her sceptre broken, and her name no more.

J. S. T.

8th Mo. 24th, 1834.

WILBERFORCE.

PRESUMPTUOUS thought! thy Epitaph to write,
 Whose worth ten thousand thousand tongues proclaim—

The bond—the free—all grades of men unite
 To hallow with one common voice thy name.

In Mercy's work unwearied passed thy life,
 While blushing senates heard thy truths in vain,
 Refused to quell the sanguinary strife

That long had marked Oppression's guilty reign :
 Millions shall bless thee for that fervent flame,

Which freedom's troops so long in darkness led ;
 But these should know from whence thine arrows came,
 That through th' Oppressor's camp such terror
 spread—

Thou wast a Christian! and thy Saviour's grace
 Tempered thy weapons with its wonted might ;
 Hence all thy splendour—here thy resting place,
 Here learnt thy fingers to sustain the fight ;

HUMILITY thy watchword—FAITH thy shield—

GRACE thy chief armour—CHARITY thy breath :

Scared at this phalanx, Sophists quit the field,

The conflict ending in the Hydra's death !

And thou hast lived to see the triumph won

O'er wrongs at which Humanity grew pale,

Whilst yet more brightly glowed thy setting sun

To see thy country's virtue thus prevail.

And now thy earthly course has seen its end,

Wealth—Rank—and Title guard thee to the tomb ;

But most thy glory is, that HE—thy Friend—

Thy SAVIOUR leads thee to an Heavenly home ;

Proving that where HE is—His Saints shall come.

R. Y.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

In the time of ELIZABETH, when slavery originated, the professed object was to take Africans to the West Indies to educate them.

“ RAISE the hands, and bow the knee,
 Spread the joyful news around;
 We were *captive*, now are *free* !
 Free are all on British ground—
 Nor alone in Britain’s isle,
 Freemen breathe, and freemen smile.”

Thus the song, at early dawn
 O’er the Western wave arose ;
 On the long, long coming morn,
 Soother of a thousand woes—
 Banisher of whip and wail,
 Freedom in its every gale.

" Break the fetters, loose the bands,
 To the brute consign the goad ;
 We are men, on British land,
 Afric's form with Briton's blood—
 Minds we have, degraded low,
 Say what has caused their overthrow ?

By her ships, and by her pride,
 By her cruel lust of gold,
 We were borne across the tide,
 Parted, tortured, chained and sold—
 Yet she told us she designed
 To instruct our grovelling mind.

What instruction hath she given,
 Has she taught our souls to prize
 All the varied gifts of heaven,
 All our noblest sympathies ?—
 Hath she rather torn in twain
 Bonds that sacred should remain.

Tribulation ! heartfelt word,
 Could she by thy power refine
 Minds by ignorance obscured—
 She had gained her kind design—

We, ere this, full wise had grown
By the sorrows we have known.

Raise the voice, for FREEDOM's hour
Dawns on us, with minds subdued;
We shall rise—and BRITAIN's power
Shine o'er Reason's babyhood—
We will own, (tho' late repaid,)
She dislikes the minds she made.

WE ARE FREE!—that thrilling sound,
Let it rend the earth—the skies:—
WE ARE FREE!—the hills rebound,
Free for Heaven's high destinies!
We have lived, debased too long
To delight in boisterous song.

We will seek the house of prayer,
Bend the knee, and lift the eye;
Bless our Great Deliverer there,
He to whom the oppressed cry—
He hath heard our bitter moans,
He our feeble prayers owns.

Britain dares not claim the praise,
 Uttered from ten thousand tongues ;
 Well she knows her own disgrace,
 Praise to Heaven alone belongs—
 Yet within her happy isle,
 Joy is felt, and fair ones smile.

Yes ! these shackles ne'er had parted,
 Ne'er the cruel whip reposed ;
 Had not CHRISTIANS, tender hearted
 Heard our ills, our ills disclosed—
 Own'd us formed of kindred mould,
 That nought but bands of love should hold.

'Tis to these a debt we owe,
 For that firm, unwearied zeal,
 Which hath laid Oppression low,
 And redressed the SLAVE's appeal—
 But to GOD the glory be,
 FOUNT whence flows our LIBERTY !

R. J.

8th Mo. 2nd, 1834.

BUXTON.

UNTIRED defender of the Negro's rights !

Chief Pioneer of that victorious band !

Who this day plant their Standard on those heights

From whence in peace they view the promised
Land—

All hail ! rest thee awhile—and may that Hand

Which long and well hath girded thee for war,

Sustain thy future steps towards that Land

Where toils and conflicts are unknown—and where
The BOND—the FREE, redeemed, shall one Salvation
share !

Unlike the Triumph of that sanguine day

When at Thermopylæ the Spartans fell

Thirsting for glory—to false fame a prey,—

Thy glory is to sound OPPRESSION's knell,

And in thy Country's Senate boldly tell

The foul enormities that marked his reign.

Pursue thy way—diffuse thy temperate zeal,

Till from the EARTH be purged this guilty STAIN,
And of the suffering SLAVE not e'en the name remain !



1st August, 1834.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HENCE; OR
THE CONTRAST.

THE sultry Plantation at eve was disbanding

The swart sons of toil, where the tall palm trees grow;
An aged man paused on the hill-side commanding

Tracts spiked with the cane—and how dark grew
his brow!

Though stalwart in manhood, his son with emotion
Beheld the big tears, and repressed the commotion
Of young ones that met him, and e'en the devotion
Their mother's fond greetings of welcome avow.

"Not thus," said the old man ('twas solemnly spoken)

"My youth saw the close of the calm eventide:
The bosom that nursed thee, my son, it was broken,
When husband and children were torn from her side;
Thy brethren they bore to their distant possessions:—
What avails the sad story—thou know'st the oppres-
sions

Our race that afflicted through long generations,
And life's every solace with freedom denied.

True—true, 'tis long past—praise to favouring Heaven!

And Mercy with Peace in our ransom hath met.

To Britain, fair Britain, 'twas worthily given,

The bright and the blessed example to set.

Exhaled in thanksgiving, the tears of *my* morning

Shall rise where the hearts holiest incense is burning :

But think not, when slow to thy homestead returning

I witness thy bliss, I can always forget !”

They soothed him with cheering, the Cottage whilst
nearing,

Their sweet evening meal 'neath its shelter that gave ;

Then they read that blest Book, that memorial still
bearing

The best seal of Freedom that gladdened the Slave ;

The children with parents and grandsire are bending

To Him who, the bond-slaves of Satan befriending,

Led captive captivity, loosed in ascending

The last foe's cold fetter that vanquished the grave !

W. B.

LINES
TO THE EMANCIPATED NEGRO.

HUMANITY had sad long vigils kept,
She watch'd and pray'd, she ponder'd, sighed, and wept;
Then call'd her sons with animating strain
To break, poor Negro, thy tremendous chain;
Truth from her canopy of living light,
Flew to thy succour with resistless might;
And Eloquence, from her commanding throne,
The senate mov'd, and made thy griefs her own;
Loudly o'er thy unmeasur'd wrongs and woes,
From countless tongues indignant murmurs rose,
Till sunk thy tyrants in the stubborn strife,
And blest wert thou with liberty and life.

Ah! who shall tell the rapture of that hour,
That rais'd thee from Oppression's lawless power;

When taught that colour was no longer crime,
 Thou hailed'st the dawn of Freedom's day sublime ;
 When bounding from thy dungeon of despair,
 And vivified by Hope's inspiring air,
 'Twas thine with new born energy to scan
 The duties and high destinies of man ;
 To feel thy social station, and to prize
 The sacred rights of dear domestic ties ;
 Cheer'd with the earnings of rewarded toil,
 To turn with willing arm the stubborn soil ;
 And own, with grateful heart, the bounteous hand
 Which scatters plenty o'er the smiling land.

Proud England, styled the great, the brave, the free,
 Queen of the isles, and consort of the sea,
 Has tarnish'd, with thy wrongs, her splendid name,
 And sullied her imperial robes with shame ;
 Though late, repentance in her bosom now
 Dims her stern eye, and clouds her lofty brow ;
 Though she with lavish gifts, and high command,
 Has borne thee bleeding from the Oppressor's hand ;
 Yet need the righteous of the land combine
 To plead for pardon for a nation's crime ;

To aid thee with their prayers,—with patient pains,
 To raise thee burden'd with thy mental chains :
 Shew thee by mild example's steady force,
 The charms of virtue's unrepenting course ;
 The joys from peace and temperance obtain'd ;
 The good from industry and order gain'd ;
 That useful well-directed knowledge leads,
 To guiltless pleasures, and to noble deeds ;
 And bring those sacred truths before thine eye,
 Which teach us how to live and how to die.

Ah ! may the holy unction from above,
 Refresh thy humble heart with peace and love ;
 Reveal the visions of that faith sublime,
 Which triumphs o'er the fleeting things of time ;
 Unfold the treasures of the sacred page,
 Confirm its truth ; and strengthen thee to wage
 The war of righteousness within thy heart,
 And choose the narrow way, and better part ;
 Guard thee from harm in life's propitious day,
 And cheer thee in its dangers and dismay ;
 Controul thy will, thy wayward passions calm,
 And pour in every wound a healing balm.

When thou art ready, may sweet Mercy come,
To lead thee to thy bright and blessed home ;
And then may thy rejoicing spirit see,
The love that has redeem'd and ransom'd thee ;
A sinless kingdom, and a cloudless day,
Where God Himself has wiped all tears away.

W. C.

Plymouth, 10t^h. Mo., 1834.

A HYMN

FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST, M.DCCC.XXXIV.

SAVIOUR of sinners, God of grace,
 In love behold the Negro race—
 From Slavery Thou hast set them free,
 Now give their *Spirits* liberty.

Sin's mighty power—O Lord, controul—
 And break the chains that bind the soul—
 Oh ! give them of Thy Grace to see !
 Their lost estate,—their help in Thee.

Thy Spirit's unction now impart,
 Yea—free Salvation to each heart ;
 Grant that their names enrolled may be,
 As Freemen, in Heaven's registry.

When the last trump shakes earth and skies,
 And Saints to life and glory rise—
 May many a NEGRO now set free,
 Find full redemption, LORD, in THEE !

DEBORAH CURTIS.

Bradpole, August, 1834.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE AWAITING THE
ARISING OF THE SUN

ON THE FIRST OF EIGHTH MONTH, M.DCCC.XXXIV.

WHY do I watch the misty veil,

Retiring from yon mountain dun?—

Why wait with sleepless eyes, to hail

Thy glad awak'ning, blessed Sun?—

Yes, wait to catch the first faint gleam,

That ushers in thy bright return,

Nor feel again thy glowing beam,

The messenger which bade me mourn,—

Which bade me weary still renew

The long, long day of toil and pain;

That ceaseless, hopeless, task pursue,

Which purchased my Oppressor's gain.

Alas ! that *one* should *dread* thy rays,
 Dispensed to *gladden* all below ;
 Or tremble at thy noontide bláze,
 As fraught with anguish, stripes, and woe.—

But *now* 'twas *bliss* to see thee fling,
 Thy farewell splendours o'er the wave :—
 Thy next arising was to bring,
 NEW LIFE, AND FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE !

Ah, who may tell the thoughts that twine
 Around those words of joy and light ;—
 Or count the radiant hopes that shine
 Like stars o'er sorrow's cheerless night.

Though troubled are the streams of life,
 Which spring from Slavery's fount of woe ;
 Though even its gentlest sway is rife
 With wrongs the SLAVE alone can know ;

It may not chain the Soul,—nor bind
 In cruel bonds what God hath riven ;—
 It may not quench the light of mind,
 Or close the golden gates of Heaven.—

No,—I was once the wretched child
 Of sin,—untaught of heavenly love,
 My heart was sad, and dark, and wild,
 No peace on earth, no hope above.—

Until the day-spring from on high,
 Rose o'er the night of guilt and gloom,
 And bade me lift my sorrowing eye,
 To hopes which die not in the tomb—

And I, a poor degraded Slave,
 Here on this blood-stained soil,—may lift
 My heart to THEE—the God who gave,
 And praise Thee for thy glorious gift.

Yes, when oppression, hatred, scorn,
 Were pour'd upon me—thou wert near;—
 Thy love illumed my lot forlorn,
 And blent with joy the grief-wrung tear.—

And here I wait that blessed hour,
 When I may fearless worship Thee,
 Nor tremble to confess the power,
 Which set my sin-bound spirit free.

Lo ! o'er the mountain's rugged crest
 A diadem of beams is shed ;
 And soon, in new-born beauty drest,
 Each dew-bent flower will lift its head.

Thus in my *heart* at Thy command,
 May heavenly truth more brightly shine ;—
 There bid each latent grace expand,
 And seal them,—keep them,—*wholly Thine*.

Methinks I hear a tuneful voice,
 Chiming afar, o'er land and sea,—
 “The SUN of FREEDOM wakes !—rejoice !
 “Thy bonds are broken,—thou art FREE !”

C. C.

Plymouth.

“FOR THE OPPRESSION OF THE POOR—FOR THE SIGHING
OF THE NEEDY—NOW WILL I ARISE, SAITH THE
LORD.”—PSALM, XII. 5.

“Now I will arise”—It was spoken from Heaven,
Jehovah hath uttered the voice from his Throne ;
The chain of the Captive at length shall be riven,
And stilled be his sighing—suppressed be his groan.

“Now I will arise”—and the promise unfailing
Is, as “graven with iron”—immutable—sure—
He who dwells in the highest has heard his sad wailing—
He whose pity regards the oppressed and the poor.

Yes “I will arise”—in the might of my power,
And dissever the bands of the sorrowing slave ;
Their cries have gone up—Oh I bring them this hour
The boon of deliverance—the freedom they crave.

“The work it is *Thine*”—Thine the glory for ever!

Our God and our Saviour whose banner is “Love;”
Thy spirit hath prompted the holy endeavour,
And the prayers of Thy people have risen above.

“The work it is *Thine*”—Come ye “Isles of the
Ocean”—

Ye kindreds of men—join the glad sable throng,
Swell the Anthem to praise—with the heart’s true
devotion,

The work is the Lord’s—be Hosanna *our* Song.

E. A.

Plymouth, 10th Mo., 1834.

THE DAY OF EMANCIPATION OF THE
BRITISH SLAVES.

THE Sun pours forth his holiest ray,
And Nature wears a garb of gladness ;
All—all—methinks seems joy to-day,
Where erst was sullen sadness :
Each floating cloud of purest white
Is gilded with celestial Light ;
And air, and earth, and ocean seem,
Enchanting as a heavenly dream.

There's music too on the morning air,
From the waves that lightly dash,
And the sea-fowl's joyous splash,
The tuneful voice of Nature is there ;
And melody is on the breeze,
That whispers amongst the citron trees ;

Whilst birds that share the rainbow's dye,
 Essay their wings' aerial buoyance,
 Soaring amongst the foliage high,
 And warbling forth their strains of joyance.

Fair is the scene and sweet the sound,
 Which usher in this gladsome day;
 And there is yet a scene—a sound
 More fair—more sweet than they.
 Enter with me yon lowly Fane,
 A thousand forms are kneeling there,
 A thousand voices swell the strain,
 Of humble praise and prayer;
 A thousand souls with fervour bless,
 That God, who saw their deep distress,—
 Who crushed the gory yoke that bound them,
 Who burst the lawless chains around them:
 For now to Afric's injured race,
 Fair Freedom hath unveiled her face;
 And old men hail her beaming eye,
 Which in their youth they knew so well;
 And maiden's glistening tear of joy,
 Bespeaks what words could never tell;

And manhood now breathes praise to Heaven,
 Whose lips ne'er uttered praise before ;
 E'en as of old, no sound was given,
 By Judah's harp on Babel's shore.
 But ~~late~~^{now} they change the anthem high,
 As all the swarthy choirs,
 For others' weal invoke the sky,
 And ALBION—ALBION! is the cry,
 Which every breast inspires.

Aye—Negro—it was British hands
 That wrenched the Tyrants' hateful bands ;
 Yet not to these thine incense raise,
 Through them a mightier Power is shown :
 Then give not erring man the praise
 Due to his God alone.
 And though thy yoke they have undone,
 Oh ! to this truth give heed,
 The humble follower of the Son,
 Alone is free indeed !
 Who hears and shuns the Gospel's sound,
 With sadder chains than steel is bound ;
 Whate'er his Nation—hue or kin,
 The Sinner is the Slave of Sin !

R. B. F.

Falmouth, 10th Mo. 26th, 1834.

LUSHINGTON.

THOU too the brunt of war didst nobly bear,
 Amidst the scorn and obloquy of men ;
 To pilot FREEDOM's barque thy constant care,
 And to her drooping cause fresh converts gain,
 Rich is thy conquest!—not o'er bleeding slain—
 No captive hosts thy dreaded nod await ;
 The grateful SLAVE, *made free*, adorns thy train,
 Released from Tyranny's oppressive weight,
 And by more wholesome laws, raised from his low
 estate.

Rich is thy conquest—but there lie beyond
 The confines of thy country *still more* Slaves,
 Tortured and torn by fell OPPRESSION's bond,
 And sent untutored to untimely graves.
 Oh ! tell the world that BRITAIN's Ensign waves,
 A signal fraught with *universal* joy ;
 That whilst from bondage she her children saves,
 She vows her nerve and treasure to employ
 In *every* clime the SIN of SLAVERY to destroy !

These maxims in the Nation's Council tell ;

By thy forensic eloquence sustained,

They, with Heaven's blessing, shall dissolve that spell

That "Christian" Nations has so long enchained,—

That night of darkness which too long hath reigned ;—

Thine be this atmosphere of death to clear,

Consistent—zealous—faithful to the end ;

So shall this record on thy tomb appear—

"The NEGRO'S ADVOCATE and FRIEND *in peace*
lies here !"



1st August, 1834.

TO THE LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

"GUTTA CAVAT LAPIDEM, NON VI, SED
SÆPE CADENDO."

HERALDS of fair Freedom's Reign
Blessings on your labours rest !
Grief, and misery, and pain,
Your's the province to arrest !

Though your hopes be long deferred,
Let them neither droop nor die ;
Sorrow's plaintive prayer is heard,
Where ascends the captive's sigh.

When the darkest storms assail,
Most the pilot's skill we need ;
When all earthly sources fail,
At the gate of Heaven we plead.

* These Lines appeared with the exception of two of the Stanzas some years since in the CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE, (a publication discontinued;) they are here reprinted by permission of the writer, who has kindly added the Lines entitled "THE CONSUMMATION."

He whose Mercy fills all space—

He whose arm the world sustains—
Will avenge this injured race,
And annihilate their chains.

See the dawn of Gospel Light

To earth's utmost verge revealed :
So the gloom of thralldom's night
To the rays of Truth shall yield.

By the hand of power upheld,

Cruelty and wrong may boast ;
But the stain shall be expelled—
Such a cause must not be lost.

From the bosoms of the crowd—

From the Line to Zembla's coast—
Chords responsive vibrate loud—
“ *Such a cause shall not be lost !*”

Let the venal scribe revile,

Tainting Europe with his breath,
Victory on *your* path shall smile—
His shall end in darkness—death !

Custom—Avarice, and Force,
 May their eloquence unite,
 To pollute the sacred source
 Of eternal TRUTH and LIGHT.

But the sophistry shall fail,
 And its sandy base give way ;
 JUSTICE—MERCY—shall prevail,
 And Oppression's reign decay.

In the Senate—at the Bar—
 Truth her advocates describes ;
 She, their glorious leading star,
 Rudest storms of guilt defies.

Britain has a chosen band
 Who have never bent the knee—
 Britain's Law-givers demand
All her people *shall* be free !

Mark the energy and zeal
 Which that chosen band inspire ;
 From their altars dare to steal
 Portions of the sacred fire.

Soon, with firm—unwearied voice,
 Buxton shall resume the cause,
 Urging on a Nation's choice,
 Infamy—or better laws.

Brougham, in himself a host,
 Giant of forensic speech,
 Prompt to save the wronged—the lost—
 Shall be foremost in the breach.

Mackintosh his aid shall lend,
 Fraught with Demosthenic power,
 Classic stores with judgment blend,
 Culling sweets from every flower.

Lushington shall be enrolled,
 Eloquent—sagacious—just,
 In defence of Freedom bold,
 Faithful to his sacred trust.

By Macaulay's powerful pen
 See the way to Glory led!
 See the veteran turn again,
 Bruising sore the Hydra's head.

With a phalanx thus arrayed—
 With a people's willing ear—
 Where the heart to be dismayed?
 In whose bosom dwells a fear?

See the laurels CLARKSON bears!
 WILBERFORCE! what honours crown!
 Watching in their evening years
 Fields of glory once their own.

What though FOX shall plead no more—
 SHARP and ROMILLY be dead!
 Still the mantle which they bore
 Hath not with their spirits fled;

But to Britons shall impart
 Of its virtue, strength, and grace—
 Courage to each drooping heart
 To pursue the glorious race—

War eternal to proclaim
 With that foul atrocious plan,
 To whose infamy and shame
 Man enslaves his fellow-man!

But there are yet other fields
 Where the Sun of Freedom glows—
 Where her banner high she wields—
 Scattering wide her coward foes.

Brooding o'er the Emerald Isle
 Germs of Liberty appear :
 Fostered by her kindred soil
 Millions shall the nursling rear !

Millions now united—free—
 Shall the righteous standard raise :
 ERIN's Liberty shall be
 Type of AFRIC's better days.

Mark the Legislative power—
 Firm, yet cool—its strength display,
 Anxious to advance the hour
 That shall wash the crime away.

Now the Press with mighty arm
 Its stupendous influence lends,
 Fills each tyrant with alarm—
 Lo ! the tottering fabric bends.

Let the shout of triumph rise

Child of Bondage ! weep no more !

Liberty—thy hard-earned prize

Shall thy long lost Rights restore !

CHILD OF BONDAGE ! weep no more !

Heaven thy sorrows will regard,

And—Life's brief affliction o'er—

Heaven thy patience will reward !

“NIL DESPERANDUM.”

February, 1830.

THE CONSUMMATION.

CHILD OF BONDAGE! dry thy tears,
Curse no more thy galling chain;
FREEDOM now her standard rears—
FREEDOM—JUSTICE—MERCY—reign.

Not by human strength or skill
Was the glorious triumph gained;
He who tames the rebel will,
Britain's wilder passions chained.

Kept a chosen band—though few—
Faithful to the NEGRO's cause:
Brought them every peril through,
Crowned their toil with "better laws."

As a handful to a host
Were the fearful odds arrayed;
Proud Goliath's vaunting boast
Seemed with ten-fold force displayed.

Wealth and Avarice madly railed,
 Breathing vengeance in their pride ;
 But the simple sling prevailed—
 And the monster fell—and died !

Died where Britain's Rule obtains,
 Swept for aye from BRITISH soil ;
 But the plague-spot *still* remains—
 Millions *still* in bondage toil.

Spirit of COLUMBUS come !
 Shade of peaceful PENN arise !
 Help to seal the monster's doom
 In your *once* free colonies !

There a race proscribed—borne down—
 Drink the dregs of Slavery ;
 There the skin, or fair or brown,
 Marks the bounds of LIBERTY !

Impious creed ! unrighteous laws !
 And shall we supinely rest ?
 Will not God avenge the cause
 Of His creatures thus oppressed ?

ACTIUM's battle once obtained
 Laurels for a CÆSAR's name ;
 And AUGUSTAN titles gained,
 Transient as the voice of Fame !

Nobler is the prize that brings
 BRITAIN's monarch to the field ;
 LIBERTY ! the boast of kings,
 Blazons on his bloodless shield.

Not that phantom Liberty
 By the Roman warrior sought,
 But the end of Slavery,
 By a nation's virtue wrought.

Sore and grievous was the stain,
 Flagrant was the infamy ;
 And if GOLD might pardon gain,
 Ample was the penalty.

CHILD OF BONDAGE ! still rejoice !
 Tyrants from their seats are hurled ;
 Britain lifts her warning voice
 Through the EMPIRE OF THE WORLD !

Britain's people roused at length,
 Set the sorrowing captive free !
 And with more than human strength
 Sound the trump of Liberty !

But oh ! Britain—long—too long
 Thou hast thralldom's cause maintained :
 And with FREEDOM on thy tongue,
 BONDAGE in thy councils reigned.

Ages o'er thy head have rolled
 Whilst thy victims pined and died ;
 Bartering flesh and blood for gold—
 Thou hast God and man defied.

Say, will MERCY draw the veil
 O'er thy system and its crimes ;
 And, though late, *this* ERA hail—
 Harbinger of brighter times ?

If such mercy still there be,
 It were passing human thought ;
 On the cross at Calvary
 Only could such peace be bought !

He who there our ransom paid,
 Pardon for His murderers craved ;
 But the sacrifice was made
 Not for those by sin enslaved.

Prophets—Priests—Apostles—all
 Cry—"REPENT—return and live ;
 "Haste—obey a Saviour's call !
 "Who can all your sins forgive."

Teach the once untutored slave
 How his Freedom best to prize ;
 Bid him wash in JORDAN's wave,
 There to cleanse his leprosies.

But with yet more lively faith
 Tell him of that gospel scheme
 That can save his soul from death,
 And his life from sin redeem.

Thus shall he quit sin's dreary waste,
 On heights of heavenly bliss to soar,
 And the glad sentence hear at last—
 Go ! CHILD OF BONDAGE ! *weep no more !*

August 1, 1834.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

WHILE lately I stood by the rock-cradled ocean,
And in thought saw the isles of the west,
There awoke in my bosom so sweet an emotion
As hush'd every tempest to rest.

The regent of night was just leaving her pillow
Through the blue vault of heaven to soar ;
I watched while she gilded the edge of the billow,
And the wave as it swept to the shore.

It swept to the shore—and its bright scintillations
Spoke the joy of the African's breast,
To freedom restored—to his place amongst nations,
By the white man a brother confessed.

The moon never lighted more lovely an even—
Never mantled more brightly the sea—
Never trod in more splendour the azure of heaven
Which curtains the land of the free.

And the deep vandyke of her light that was stealing
 O'er the bay whence in beauty she rose,
 To me seemed the pure and the peaceful feeling
 Which a conscience unburthened bestows.

Higher she moved, and brighter and broader
 Grew the stream of her light on the wave,
 Till it met the bright sparkles which flashed on the
 border,
 Those types of the *bond-broken* SLAVE !

They met, and they mingled, and who but rejoices
 To send the loud shout to the skies?
 While fancy awakens the myriads of voices
 From which the thanksgivings arise.

Glory to Thee, Thou great Lord of creation ;
 All glory and praise be to Thee ;
 Thou hast with Thy strong arm redeemed the nation—
 By Thy word bid the oppressed go free !

Falmouth.

A. P. F.

CLARKSON.

HAIL! veteran warrior in this righteous cause,
 To-day with pure delight thy breast beats high;
 MERCY to-day presides o'er BRITAIN'S laws,
 And SLAVERY vanquished, quits the field—to die.
 Long did the monster all thy toils defy,
 And long and warily thy grasp elude;
 But now behold the coward miscreant fly
 Swift as the wicked when by none pursued,
 With hands too deeply in the Negro's blood embrued.

Unequal was the combat whilst arrayed
 In hostile ranks the rich—the strong—the brave
 Their haughty front in contumely displayed
 Against the lowly suppliant NEGRO SLAVE.
 Then British justice slept, nor dared to save
 These helpless victims from their depth of woe;
 Left them to sink beneath affliction's wave,
 The selfishness of man their curse to know,
 His lust of wealth and power blasting their hopes below.

But now—rejoice ! the darkness is dispelled,
 Thy prayer hath reached the mercy-seat on high ;
 This race too long in wretched durance held,
 Are now redeemed to taste of Liberty.
 No despot shall their equal rights deny—
 No price be set on flesh, and bones, and blood ;
 But in one bond of harmony and joy
 All hands united for the social good—
 All hearts upraised to Him who in the breach hath stood.

It boots not that the false alarmists cry—
 “ Emancipation nameless horrors brings ;
 “ Let Colonists forsake their homes, and die—
 “ Nor madly dare to change the course of things.”
 Fallacious pleaders ! know ye not the stings
 Inflicted on the Master and the Slave
 By that degrading, heartless scheme that wrings
 The Negro’s blood, and sinks him to the grave ?
 Oh ! seek no subterfuge, a scheme so vile to save.

E’en Heathen moralists were wont to say
 “ *Do justice*—though the heavens in fire dissolve.”
 And shall we with more perfect light than they
 This problem, long delayed, neglect to solve ?

See Nature in her grandest works involve

Cities in ruined heaps—from dross to purge

Her burning chaos, and the mass resolve ;

So from the earth shall be expelled this scourge—

To-day the Slave doth from his suffering lot emerge !

And in the glorious deed, large is thy share—

May thy “reward in Heaven” as ample prove ;

And there are they whose fervent humble prayer

Hath oft been lifted to the Lord of Love,

Who now the Negro’s bondage doth remove :

These, too, have sought Oppression’s hand to stay,

And though, like thee, they have not boldly strove

Through *all* the heat and burden of the day,

They know the vineyard’s Lord will their brief toil repay.

And there was too—a small intrepid band

Of “FRIENDS,” regardless of their own repose,

By whose unceasing zeal that flame was fanned

That *now* on Freedom’s altar brightly glows ;

These hail with thee the sun which this day rose,

The light of liberty and joy to shed,

And the glad page of GOSPEL TRUTH disclose

To those who erst in ignorance were dead,

That they thro’ grace may to the FOUNT of truth be led.

Thus shall the hateful name of SLAVE be lost,

Whilst light from heaven God's image shall restore
A Christian life—the Negro's proudest boast ;

His curse on "Christian" white men heard no
more !

May thoughts like these console thy evening hour—

Reward thee for a life of toil and gloom—

Thy soul, a monument of Mercy's power,

Redeemed to flourish in immortal bloom

Through HIM who died—yet rose in triumph o'er the
tomb !

Δ

1st August, 1834.

SUFFIELD.

THE SLAVE is freed ! the glorious work is done ;
 MERCY prevails !—dethroned the tyrant falls—
 The vanquished foe retreats—the day is won,
 And SUFFIELD foremost mounts the battered walls.
 And well, and bravely was the fight sustained—
 Cool and determined—every pass made sure ;
 His armour from the hostile camp was gained—
 Each onset served the Victory to secure.
 Th' opposing chiefs, in solemn conclave, sought
 The joys of bondage and of chains to prove ;
 And to the Nation's Bar their rhetoric brought,
 To scare the Patriot from his work of love.
 Ignoble task ! blush ye who led the way—
 With shame look back on that dishonoured field
 Where SUFFIELD triumphed o'er your proud array,
 And forced your falsehoods to his Truth to yield.
 Triumphs like these invest the Victor's name
 With nobler worth than heraldry can give :
 Long shall that worth descend with SUFFIELD's fame,
 And far beyond the praise of marble live !

Δ

“AND HE DOETH ACCORDING TO HIS WILL IN THE ARMY
OF HEAVEN, AND AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF THE
EARTH, AND NONE CAN STAY HIS HAND, OR SAY UNTO
HIM—WHAT’ST DOEST THOU?”—DANIEL IV. 35.

PROUD REASONER! cease thy boast,
Hide—hide thee from this light;
Confess thy fragile system lost
In ERROR’S hopeless night!

The providence of God
Wilt thou still dare deny;
And His avenging—awful rod
In hardihood defy?

Does that parental care
Which marks the sparrow’s death,
And numbers faithfully each hair,
Still give *thee* life and breath?

Rouse from thy fatal trance

While yet thou may'st—awake !

And thy delusive dreams of chance

Oh ! hasten to forsake !

Read here in words of gold*

The lie to calumny ;

The simple truth—as simply told—

First fruits of LIBERTY !

* A more triumphant answer to the unreasonable clamour of the opponents of Emancipation can scarcely be conceived, than is contained in the following extracts from advices from ANTIGUA, the only Sugar Colony in which the Apprenticeship system has been abolished ; and *the only instance in which the transition from Slavery to Freedom has been completely successful*, excepting the island of BERMUDA, where the same course has been adopted, and the same happy result produced.—It is now more than probable that measures will be soon taken to do away the Apprenticeship clauses altogether.

“ANTIGUA, Aug. 7.—“The great doubt is solved ; the alarming prognostications of the advocates for Slavery falsified ; the highest hopes of the Negro's friends fulfilled, and their pledges honourably redeemed. * * * Surely never was the hand of Divine Providence more strikingly manifested in human affairs than in the *peace, quietness, and decorum* with which the Negro population have passed from Slavery to Freedom, and now entered afresh upon their duties.”—Aug. 21.—“Not the least symptom of insubordination has manifested itself any where ; and the daily accounts from all quarters testify to the excellent disposition and conduct of the new freemen.”—Sept. 11.—“The Colony has passed a law, fixing the wages of labourers at three dollars per month, with which the Negroes are perfectly satisfied, and the greater portion of them have remained with their former masters, and gone to work with a better spirit than ever.”

Strong were the pond'rous chains
 That bound the suffering SLAVE;
 But stronger far His arm who reigns
 Omnipotent to save!

The countless host of heaven
 His holy will obey;
 All power on earth to Him be given!
 No man His hand can stay.

Proud Reasoner! cease thy boast,
 No more despise this light—
 Or thou, thyself, art ever lost
 In ERROR's hopeless night!

Novr., 1834.

FINIS.